



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

apartments for the officers, and thirteen extensive and well ventilated wards, in which are 187 beds. At the rear is a fever hospital. A few acres of the Phoenix Park are walled off, in which the convalescents enjoy air and exercise, while on every side a scene of the most picturesque description is presented to the view. The accommodations and attendance in the hospital are of the very best kind, and the expense is nearly £9,000 a year, about one half of which is supplied by Parliamentary grants, and the remainder by deductions from the pay of the patients while in the Infirmary.

### REMINISCENCES OF A ROCKITE.

(Continued from page 408.)

#### HEAD QUARTERS.

Having reached the place appointed as a rendezvous between me and my guide, I began to whistle (not at my loudest, however) the tune of Patrick's-day, which was the signal arranged for his appearance; but my teeth were chattering at such a rate, between cold and anxiety, that did not the fellow guess something by my appearance, he would never have been able to discover my identity by my musical endeavours. However, he showed himself from behind a clump within a few yards of me, and advancing to the spot whence my abortive attempts at whistling proceeded, announced his presence by the usual salutation, "God save you."

"God save you kindly," answered I; "I'm thinking we're looking for one another."

"Deed, I'm thinkin' so, avick. An' what sort of a night is id, for we've two roads to choose—one for the darkness, an' one for the moonlight."

"Why, my good fellow," said I, "your eyes must be little use to you, if they haven't told you before this that we might pick pins where we're standing."

"Deed, you're right, achra, you're right. 'Tis a good score o' years, come next Patrickmas, since my eyes wor the laste use to me—I'm blind, avourneen!"

"Blind!" shouted I—"why, what the deuce—oh, this is regular mockery!" "How, in the name of wonder, can you lead me the length of my nose—and in the night too?"

"There's not a stone the roaa you're goin' that I don't know; an' thin, you know, night and day is all one to me—that's one advantage I have over yees that have eyes. But let us be goin'—down the boreen, avick, that's the road."

And so we proceeded; not, however, without a few curses escaping me at what I thought the wanton disposition of my new governor, in appointing me such a guide. I wronged him. The danger of despatching any of his outlawed and marked followers to fill such a service would, in the present distracted state of the country, most probably have been attended with the worst results; and he judged rightly, when he considered how few would suspect a blind piper of going on such an errand. The poor man himself was one little likely, even from his manners, to attract such a suspicion; and it was no small wonder to me, how a creature of such gentle habits and peaceable avocations, could have been connected with so lawless a gang. I expressed my surprise to him as soon as we reached the safe part of our road, and was answered by the following story, which I relate in his own words:

"It's more nor twinty years ago sence I was marrid to as purty a colleen as was in the seven counties—she's dead an' gone long afore the throuble kem on me that's weighin' me now. We wor coortin' for as good as three years afore we marrid, for we were poor, an' couldn't bring that about, untill I by workin' hard on week-days, an' pipin' on Sundays an' holidays, an' she by spinnin' for the neighbours whin she could get it to do, scraped together a few pounds to pay the priest, an' buy a few sticks o' furniture; an' thin we got marrid—an', oh, it's I was the happy boy thin! I thought if I had only her, an' my spade, an' my pipes, the world might go where it liked for me. Well, I wint to live to her ould father, up jist where we're goin', an' brought my mother wid me; an' we wor goin' on, widout a pin's-worth to throuble us, untill I missed the spite ov a big rascal ov the name ov Farrell—

the Farrells of Knocknamoe, your honour—by reason, that I was takin' all the custom from him, for he was a musician too. An' what does he do, but goes to a magistrate, an' swears a robbery agin me, that a great reward intirely was offered for discoverin', an' that I'd no more to do wid than the child unborn. Jist about the same time, there was a terrible small-pox in this place, an' 'twas clearin' the people off by scores, and my poor Biddy cotch it—wirra, wirra! that was the sore sickness to me! ochone, ochone, my heart breaks whin I think ov it!—she cotch it, an' I ran off to the nearest town to get somethin' for her, an' 'twas there I hard the other throuble that was to come over me, by reason ov Jack Farrell: an' if my heart was heavy whin I set out, sure 'twas twice worse whin I was goin' back—the more especially since I found Biddy, the cushla, all as one as dyin'. Well, I tould the ould people what I hard, an' they wor for my lavin' the place intirely for a few days; but I'd as soon give myself up as do that: an' I cotch the poor sick crathur in my arms, an' said I'd never lave her, in spite of all their prayers. So, thin, the ould man ups an' he tells how, whin he was once workin' in the little piatee garden, he found a cave jist at the wall ov the cabin, an' he niver spoke to any one about it, so if I could get into id now, all would be safe. Well, avick, we groped about for id, an' found it, sure enough, an' what was lucky, found that by rootin' under the bedstead we could make a way into id; an' so we did, an' I wint in, an' the place was covered up wid a big stone, so that sorra one could find me, barrin' they knew the saycret. I wasn't long in, whin I hard a great stampin' over head, for the sogers war come lookin' for me; an' through a little chink in the rock that looked outward, I saw as good as fifty horsemen all about the house, an' hard every word they war sayin'. To be sure, whin they found I was gone, they war angry enough; but they had to go off with their fingers in their mouths. An' as soon as the war gone, my mother made off to him that's captain now, bud he was a farmin' gentleman thin—an', oh, Sir, did you hear how id kem about that he turned captain—dth, dth! wasn't id horrid? My mother, as I was sayin', wint off to him, for she was an ould retainer of his family, an' she tould him all how it was wid us; an', good loock be his portion, he gev his word that he would do his best to bring out the truth. They kem to me an' tould me the help I was to git, an' gev me somethin' to eat through the chink, an' tould me Biddy was better; bud they wouldn't let me out by no manner of manes, for they said the place was too well watched still. To make a long story short, Sir, I fell sick myself wid all I had to go through; an' thin a way was made for the ould woman to come in an' out to me, for I wasn't able to crawl the length of my shoe I was so sick: an' all I asked them was to carry me out, an' lave me by Biddy's side, an' let me live or die there as id 'ud plase God; bud that they wouldn't do, for they tould me the sogers war lookin' for me two or three times afther; an' I believed them, more especially as one night that I was half asleep an' awake, I thought I hard great rustling an' throuble about the place, an' guessed it was them. In a couple ov days news come that I was freed from the warrant. Mr.—the captain, I mane, took so much throuble to prove my innocence, that he wasn't long afore he showed them all the bottom of the schame, an' got Farrell thranported; an' thin I made my way out into the house to see my darlint, bud every thing seemed black night about me. I called her name, but there was no answer, an' my heart began to misgive me. I made over to the bed, for I knew the way, an' laid my hand softly on id, thinkin' she might be asleep. 'Twas empty, asthore—an' I flung myself on id, as if I was struck at once, an' began to cry as if the life was lavin' me. They all found me out, an' as soon as they saw I knew all, the grief that they kept down before, for fear I'd discover, bruck out, an' we all cried ourselves sick; an' if she wasn't keened at the funeral, she couldn't say bud we made up for id thin. Whin they carrid me half dead from the bed, they found I was blind; but 'twas little throuble to me whin I hadn't her to look at—more a relief than anything else, since I couldn't miss her sweet face—so what use would eyes be to a poor stripped crathur like me. The ould man died soon afther, between

grief an' ould age; an', sure enough, when I laid my hand on his cowl'd face, I cried salt tears that I wasn't in his place, huggin' the darlint that I knew was in his arms now in another world. It wasn't long ontill the captain's trouble kem, an' I bethought ov the cave, an' made it up for him; an' the place being lonely, an' one thing an' another that was said about it, he never was troubled in it by soger or any body else from that day to this. But, whisht—ishn't that a voice? Down, down here—there's a scrub somewhere hereabouts—do you see it—now stoop, an' whoever it is, we're safe."

Crouching in the scrub, which I found no difficulty in reaching, we awaited in security the approach of the coming intruder, whom we first discovered by the snatches of singing borne to our ears by the slight night breeze. The voice was now near us, and I could discover the burthen of the song. Truly nothing could be more incongruous than the vociferous manner of the singer, and the words which he gave utterance to; and as he sung out, half drunken,

"Past five o'clock on a fine frosty morning,  
I am asleep, an' don't waken me,"

I couldn't help laughing aloud, notwithstanding the imminent danger in which I lay. The piper seemed to recognise the voice, for, leaving the cover, he stood upright, and bade me do the same.

"It's only one ov the boys," said he, "comin', I suppose, to give you the welcome afore the others. He might hold his tongue, though. Half an hour ago, that noise 'ud put a halter about both yee' necks."

We had just reached the path again when the deputation, if I may so call him, staggered up to us; and on recognising where he was, let a "Whoo!" out of him, that if there was a yeoman within a mile of us would have placed us in rather an awkward dilemma.

"Music, my darlint, is that you? Your honour, I'm mortal glad to see you. Och, an' it's I that's sorry for the accident that happened me there above—sore sorry, avick. You see, I was bringin' a bottle of the right sort, that niver got the blast of a gauger's eye, to welcome you to the mountains, an' to keep the cowl'd outside o' you; an' I wint jist to take a weeny taste of it to see if 'twas good, an', somchow or another, it all spilt. Och, sorra a word of lie in it. More betoken, there's the empty bottle."

Acknowledging how unanswerable this argument was in proof of the "accident," I expressed my thanks in appropriate terms for the honour done me, while he begged me to hold his arm, for the way was stony and rough to me who was not used to it. Of course, I accepted the proffered honour, more to get the drunken wretch on in haste, than in the light in which he intended it. The road, which until now had lain through bog and uninhabited wastes, began to assume a different aspect. We had now to wind, by a scarcely observable path, through rocks that opposed our passage at almost every step. More than once we were compelled to climb these obstacles by the aid of the scanty shrubs which chance had planted here and there through their crevices; and at length the path entered, by a sudden turn, into a dark ravine, overhung by sloe and arbutus that almost hid from our view the face of heaven. Just at this moment, a soldierly "Who goes there?" uttered from the depths of the ravine, caused me to start, as if I had been shot, and made my heart leap to my throat with agony and terror, as I conceived myself waylaid, and ruined at the very threshold of safety. I was, however, quickly re-assured by my companions, who bade me never fear, that it was only "sodger Jim" (an old deserter, the drill-master of the corps) who was posted at the entrance of the forbidden locality in the light of a guard, and was a little addicted to old habits of discipline, and other little points that made him the butt of his less regular comrades. No answer having been returned to his challenge, he again repeated, in a more commanding tone, "Who goes there?"

"Friends, an' confound you, you ould lobster—what the mischief 'ud bring any one else to such a place as this?" growled he of the empty bottle.

"Stand, friend, and give the word," said the vigilant sentinel.

"Och, bad cess to you," muttered my companion, and proceeded to drag me onwards, while every limb in my body trembled lest a ball from the rigid martinet should arrest my further progress. I ventured to remonstrate with both parties, and at last induced the drunken vagabond to say something.

"Confound you, Jim," said he, "but you're the greatest botheration a quiet man ever met wid—an' it's to your face I say it."

"Stand, friends, an' give the word, or it'll be worse for you!" was the answer returned by the ci-devant red-coat and then in his undress tone he proceeded—"Pat Mullen, can't you be regular, an' give the word—you'd be enough to raise a mutiny in a whole battalion. You won't? Well, then, here goes; an' you may pray for mercy."

"Whiskey, then! Whiskey! Whiskey! Whiskey! Monim an dhou, have you enough of it yit?" shouted my enraged escort, "have you enough of it yit?" and at the same time seconded the question by a shower of stones, hurled in the direction of the speaker.

Good reader, will you be kind enough to imagine my situation, for positively I am utterly unable to describe it. I believe, however, I had the grace to utter a prayer, and had altogether given myself up as a lost man, when the same "on duty" voice, restored my hopes of life by uttering, as of old, "Pass, Whiskey!" and then in the undress tone, "Pat Mullen, my boy, I'll report you—nothing but three hours a day at the triangles will ever civilize you."

Giving some contemptuous answer to this threat, the denounced acolyte advanced, and hurling the sentinel out of his way, left him sprawling on his back. I flew to lift him, and got a cuff from the angry wretch that sent me staggering to the other side. When I recovered its effects they were struggling as if in mortal quarrel. Terrified at the probable consequences of the row, particularly as one party was armed, I rushed forward to seize the gun; but before I could achieve that purpose it had exploded, without hurting any of us, it is true, but attended with consequences little less fatal, to me at least. Both seemed pretty well sobered at the occurrence, and were indulging in loud recrimination as to whose was the fault, when five or six men, armed and aroused from their concealment by the noise, came hurriedly from the opposite direction to inquire the cause of the disturbance; and scarcely had this addition to our numbers been made, when the trampling of horses was distinctly heard advancing to us, and voices loudly hallooing told us but too clearly that we had been discovered by some patrolling party. A hurried council was held, and it was at once determined that we should show ourselves, and, if possible, lead our opponents from the scent so dangerous to the common safety, by appearing at some other point, from which we could, if necessary, retreat by a circuitous path to the house which we had so nearly discovered to them. The proposal was at once put in operation; and we were soon ensconced in some rocks a quarter of a mile distant from our former station, while the horsemen seemed rapidly approaching the spot from which the shot had issued. Before they could reach it, however, another shot allured them away to our present ground, and the echo of it scarce ceased to ring among the rocks, when they stood before us to the number of half a dozen, well-mounted, and far better armed than we were. A volley from the rocks, instead of checking their career, only seemed to give them additional incitement, and spurring onward, springing over every obstacle, they soon set us flying into a less accessible part within a few yards of us.

"After them—after them," shouted a loud voice among the horsemen, "don't you see M—— among them, in the shooting jacket. Now, boys, for the reward!—a hundred pounds remember."

I was recognised, and, horrible to relate, I was the very rearmost man. Paralysed by terror, and nerveless with excess of energy, I was unable to keep up with my companions, and shouting for succour, fell almost senseless at the foot of the rock they were ascending. My call was answered, and the assailants kept at bay by a well-directed discharge; but there was too much to be won, and the prey was too near them. One bolder—perhaps poorer—

than the rest, spurred forward, in spite of all the missiles with which he was assailed, and grasping me by the collar, as I attempted to regain my feet, swung me with the force of a giant on the saddle before him. It was now neck or nothing with all parties; but though I could hear my friends spring forward to my rescue, all hope, in fact all energy, had left me. All was not lost, however, and before my captor could wheel round his horse, or his comrades come to his assistance, I was once more nearly dragged off the beast by the crowd now surrounding him. At the moment his life was more endangered than mine, nor did he appear ignorant of the circumstance; so prudently abandoning his prize, he burst back to his party, not, however, without venting his spite by inflicting on my shoulder a fearful gash of his sabre before I was quite out of his reach. A volley from the outlaws followed him, and was answered by another from the retreating horsemen, which passing harmlessly by the rest, lodged a brace of bullets in my side, as if fate herself was about to wreak her anger on me. I recollect nothing further, until animation began slowly to return in what appeared a closer atmosphere.

"Any how, he's alive an' recoverin'," said a voice over me, which seemed to proceed from one tolerably far advanced in the stage of mortal existence.

"I sincerely pity him!" ejaculated another, in tones so soft and kind, as at once to dispel the fear, which seized me at the first moment of consciousness, that I was to open my eyes in a murderer's dungeon. Half my misery vanished at the bare idea that I was still free, and as looking around me, I caught merely a glimpse of the departing form of her whose words of pity had such a powerful effect on me. I saw enough, however, to know that I had never seen a lovelier face, or a lighter or more beautiful figure. I gazed for a moment on the place where she had vanished, and then turned my dim eye on her direct and perfect contrast, an old crone, who with bandage and fomentation in hand at once declared her office.

"Twas a bloody welcome, ashore, you got among us; bud wid the Vargin's help it won't signify, if you lie quiet an' do what you're bid," said she, handing me a drink of some medicine.

"Am I safe?" was my only reply, and uttered with the utmost difficulty and pain.

"Throth, you'll see that if you only look about you; bud you musn't talk. You're here wid ourselves, avick; an' that's the captain's daughter that was here jist now, an' that made the dhrink for you."

Exerting myself more than my weakened state could bear, I drank the potion, and sunk senseless on the bed on which I was laid.

In this distressing situation I must take my leave for the present, having some few matters to arrange before the short summer nights come on to disturb my operations, so that I hope my kind reader will have the goodness to excuse me, particularly as, when that idle season commences, it is my intention to present a few more sketches of as wild a life as ever was the portion of a luckless wight on this side the grave.

M'C.

#### RULES RECOMMENDED TO SERVANTS.

1. A good character is valuable to every one, but especially to servants, for it is their bread; and without it they cannot be admitted into any creditable family; and happy it is, that the best of characters is in every one's power to deserve.

2. Engage yourself cautiously, but stay long in your places; for long service shows worth, as quitting a good place through passion is a folly, which is always repented of too late.

3. Never undertake any place you are not qualified for; for pretending to do what you do not understand exposes yourself, and what is still worse, deceives them whom you serve.

4. Preserve your fidelity; for a faithful servant is a jewel, for whom no encouragement can be too great.

5. Adhere to truth, for falsehood is detestable; and he that tells one lie must tell more to conceal it.

6. Be strictly honest, for it is shameful to be thought unworthy of trust.

7. Be modest in your behaviour; it becomes your situation, and is pleasing to your superiors.

8. Avoid pert answers; for civil language is cheap, and impertinence provoking.

9. Be clean and neat in your person and business; for nothing pleases more than cleanly habits; besides, sluts and slovens are disrespectful servants, and never observe any order in their different employments; without a proper method, every thing is in confusion; with it, both time and labour are saved, and much credit gained.

10. Never tell the affairs of the family you belong to, for that is treachery, and often makes mischief; but keep their secrets as carefully as you would your own.

11. Live friendly with your fellow-servants, for the contrary destroys the peace of the house; yet if you discover dishonest practices, it is your duty, at once, to reveal them to your employer.

12. Above all things avoid drunkenness; it is a sure inlet to vice, the ruin of your character, and the destruction of your constitution.

13. Prefer a peaceable life with moderate gains, to great advantages with irregularity.

14. Save your money, for that will be a friend to you in old age; be not expensive in dress, nor marry too soon.

15. Be careful of your mistress's property; for wastefulness is a sin.

16. Never swear, for that is a sin without a shadow of excuse, as there is no pleasure in it.

17. Be always ready to assist a fellow-servant; for good-nature gains the love of every one.

18. Never stay when sent out on a message; for waiting long is painful to a mistress, and quick return shows diligence; besides, remember that your mistress pays you for your time, and if you rob her of it, you are as much guilty of fraud and dishonesty, as the tradesman who gives false weight or false measure.

19. Rise early; for it is difficult to recover lost time, and this habit will give you much leisure during the day.

20. The servant that often changes place, works only to be poor; for "the rolling stone gathers no moss."

21. Be not fond of increasing your acquaintance; for visiting leads you out from your business, and puts you to an expense you cannot afford; and, above all things, take care with whom you are acquainted, for persons are generally the better or the worse of the company they keep.

22. When out of place, be cautious where you lodge; for living in a disreputable house puts you upon a footing with those that keep it, however innocent you are yourself.

23. Never go out on your own business without the knowledge of the family, lest in your absence you should be wanted; for leave is light, and returning punctually at the time of your promise shows obedience, and is a proof of sobriety.

24. If you are dissatisfied in your place, mention your objections modestly to your master or mistress, and give a fair warning, and do not neglect your business or behave ill, in order to provoke them to turn you away, for this will be a blemish in your character, which you must always have from the place you served.

#### MATRIMONIAL DISPARITIES.

The following observations are made by a well known author on the disparities so frequently apparent in matrimonial connections:

Unions are often formed betwixt couples differing in complexion and stature, they take place still more frequently betwixt persons totally differing in feelings, in tastes, in pursuits, and in understanding; and it would not be saying, perhaps, too much, to aver, that two-thirds of the marriages around us have been contracted betwixt persons, who, judging *a priori*, we should have thought had scarce any charms for each other. A moral and primary cause might be easily assigned for these anomalies, in the wise dispensations of Providence, that the general balance of wit, wisdom, and amiable qualities of all kinds, should be kept up through society at large; for, what a